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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

No greater delusion exists than the belief that the newspapers represent what people are thinking and saying about the war. The newspapers merely produce the opinions of their proprietors, who are individuals neither wiser nor more foolish than the best of us. The predominant feeling in the minds of most is, we believe, a craving for military results, and for some indication that the Entente Governments and their generals have some definite plan of campaign. In some quarters there is an opinion that the Entente should concentrate their efforts on a decisive blow on the Italian front, so as to knock Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria out. Other authorities think that the concentration of effort should be on the Western front. In the meantime the war appears to stand still, except in the air, where commendable activity is being shown.

Nobody, of course, expects or wishes that the Entente Powers should publish their plans for the benefit of the enemy. But there is an uneasy feeling that the Commanders-in-Chief are being hampered by having to wait on the squabbles and intrigues of politicians. Russia, thanks to glorious democracy, is practically out of the Alliance. But unfortunately France, with her splendid armies at the front, is distracted by the quarrels of her politicians. It is impossible for the French Government to concentrate its attention on the front when it has to battle for its existence at home with intrigues like Caillaux, Malvy, and Turmel. Here in England, owing to the weakness of the Conservative leaders, huge questions of domestic policy, Home Rule for Ireland, universal suffrage, and the reconstruction of the House of Lords, have been sprung upon the country by the Socialists and revolutionaries in our midst. Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson are trying to persuade the German people to follow the lead of Russia, France, and Britain into domestic revolution: but the Germans know a trick worth two of that. Wisely they are waiting until the war ends.

There seems to be a softness of moral fibre in all Russians, soldiers as well as civilians, which is probably due to the morbid dreaminess of their literature in fiction, and in poetry. General Korniloff, if the reports in the newspapers are true, does not appear to be the stuff of which military dictators are made, and his Chief of the Staff, General Krimoff, first surrenders to the Kerenskiites and then commits suicide. Gaspadeen Kerenski is, we understand, Commander-in-Chief of the Government Army, which is much as if we were to appoint Mr. Massingham or Mr. Maxse to supplant Sir Douglas Haig, for Kerenski is a journalist and professor. Having failed to keep the Tsar on his throne, and having equally failed to support Gaspadeen Kerenski, the Entente Powers can only look on helplessly at the result of their own foreign policy, or want of one.

If Mr. Bonar Law's speech to the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress is correctly reported by the Central News, all those who have any property to be confiscated are warranted in distrusting him as a leader. "Mr. Bonar Law said he was in entire agreement with the thesis that there was no comparison between the conscription of wealth and the conscription of life." This remark was addressed to Labour Agitators who are asking for what they are pleased to call "the conscription of wealth," by which they mean either an income-tax of 15s. in the pound, or a tax of ten per cent. on capital. Life and money cannot, of course, be compared; they are not in *pari materia*. But Mr. Bonar Law's words mean, if they mean anything, that the hand-workers have given their lives, while the upper and middle classes have given some of their money in lieu of their lives. Never was there a grosser and more absurd calumny.

Before compulsory service was enacted, in the first year of the war, we assert without fear of disproof that the upper and middle classes gave a greater proportion of their lives than the hand-workers. When compulsory service was enacted, all men without distinction

of class, between certain ages, give their lives. What does a statesman in Mr. Bonar Law's position mean by accepting the base and mendacious suggestion that the owners of wealth have not given their lives? The owners of wealth over forty-one have not given their lives: but then neither have the hand-workers over forty-one. With regard to the conscription of life all classes in the State are upon an exact equality. How is it with the conscription of wealth? Five-sixths of the cost of the war have been paid by income-tax and death duties, and the numbers of the income-tax payers were reported by Sir Charles Dilke's Committee in 1906 to be between a million and twelve hundred thousand persons, or one forty-fifth of the population. It was estimated by the same Committee that about one-half of the national income belonged to the hand-workers, and one-half to the owners of property. Yet the owners of wealth, one forty-fifth of the population, have paid five-sixths of the cost of the war.

Since the lowering of the taxable income to £130 (with very large rebates), the numbers of the income-tax paying class has probably been raised to a million and a-half, or it may be to two million individuals, but even then, it is a fraction of the population. The object of financiers in the Gladstonian era was to keep an even balance between direct and indirect taxation. The object of the Socialists is to abolish indirect taxes (the only taxes the majority of hand-workers pay), and throw the whole burthen on the owners of property. Another calm assumption of the Socialist financiers is that the upper and middle classes do not pay indirect taxes, i.e., duties on commodities like tea, tobacco, and alcohol, but that the whole burthen falls on the hand-workers. As a matter of fact, the head of a family in the upper class pays the indirect taxes of himself and about fifteen other persons. In the middle classes the head of the family pays the indirect taxation on his own consumption and that of a number of others, ranging from seven or eight down to two or three persons.

But the cost of living has risen 112 per cent. True: but who feels that most, the working man whose wages have been raised to meet increased prices, or the owner of rents and dividends, which have in most cases fallen, or the professional and official classes, whose salaries have not been raised, and whose fees have, in many cases, disappeared? The working classes were never better off, and the *rentiers* and professional classes were never worse off, in the economic history of this history. That is the plain truth, if any politician had the courage to state it. If, after giving their lives as freely as the working classes, and after paying five-sixths of the cost, the upper and middle classes are to be further robbed after the war, it will lead to civil war; and the middle classes may show some of our demagogue statesmen that if they cannot outvote the hand-workers they can outfight them. Mr. Bonar Law apparently regards a repayment of the greater part of the debt by a levy on capital after the war as not impossible.

The bold attempt of the "National Party" to capture the fund and organisation of the Tariff Reform League has been defeated, mainly by the sensible and patriotic attitude of Sir Joseph Lawrence. Anything more fatal to the existence of a party professing to embrace the whole nation than to identify itself with the straitest sect of Protectionists cannot be imagined. If this be the measure of the political capacity of General Page Croft and Lord Duncannon, the prospects of the "National Party" are black indeed. These two aspirants to the leadership of a party are obviously devoid of all sense of humour, one of the most essential ingredients of greatness.

The tables were dissolved in laughter. Lord Duncannon appeared in the character of "The Needy

Knife-Grinder," and Sir Joseph Lawrence in that of "The Friend of Humanity." After hearing Lord Duncannon's story, stout Sir Joseph answers, "I give thee sixpence, I'll see thee damned first!" We do not know what Lord Duncannon's colleagues and constituents will think of his declaration that he is "shocked" by the atmosphere of the House of Commons. We presume it is a prelude to his retirement, as there is really no reason why any man should expose himself to the contamination of politics unless he chooses. General Page Croft and Lord Duncannon are younglings in politics, and the Manchester fiasco should teach them one or two things.

It is easy enough to get Mr. F. S. Oliver, or any other fashionable "literary gent," to write a manifesto, which can be printed and circulated for a few pounds. It is not difficult to hire a hall, to pull a few wires in the Press, and to prepare speeches with "loud cheers" inserted at intervals in the typed copies sent in advance to the papers. All these things can be done by the expenditure of a little time and money: but when you have done them, you have not founded a party. There is still something wanting, namely, the members of the party. To lead a party is even more difficult than to form one. Politicians only succeed in gathering round themselves the confidence of millions after very many years spent in conspicuous posts of service, or in the brilliant discharge of the duties of Opposition.

Sir Joseph Lawrence, an old Parliamentary hand, knew all this; and he had to teach his young friends a rough but salutary lesson, which we may be sure was not a pleasant task for so kind-hearted a man, and so enthusiastic a tariff reformer. Mr. Page Croft is an energetic political organiser, and a gallant officer: but the qualities that make a brigadier and the secretary of a league, which we take to be energy and zeal, are not those which make the leader of a great party. To borrow a piece of American slang, Lord Duncannon and General Page Croft, in their impatience of the methods of the old Party leaders, have "bitten off more than they can chew."

To withdraw the Lord Chief Justice of England from his Court and employ him as a financial agent is the degradation of a high office. It is true that there is no great pressure of law business at present: but that is beside the point. It is the use of the chief judge of the High Court of Justice as the instrument of the Government that is so undignified, and so contrary to the tradition that has been observed since the days of the Stuarts. The object of placing the salaries of the Judges on the Civil List was to make them independent of the Crown, or, rather, of the Government, which has taken the place of the Crown. We are told, in defence of this scandal, that Lord Reading is a "great financial authority." Why is he so? As a young man, Mr. Rufus Isaacs was a stockbroker, but his career came to an unsuccessful end.

It is the common story that young Mr. Isaacs was hammered, or hammered himself. We do not know whether this a fact; nor does it matter, as there is not necessarily any disgrace in being hammered, for a stockbroker may fail owing to the default of clients. But there is, we believe, no dispute about the fact that Mr. Rufus Isaacs was not successful on the Stock Exchange. He then went to the Bar, and was briefed in a good many Stock Exchange cases, on the principle that a poacher makes the best gamekeeper. When he had got to the top of the tree, Mr. Attorney-General Isaacs embarked in a little speculation in American Marconis, which was not profitable. An unsuccessful career on the Stock Exchange, and a flutter in shares that went wrong, seem a slender foundation on which to base the reputation of "a great financial authority."

The peaceful penetration of neutral countries by Germany is well illustrated by the Press and Universities of "German-Switzerland." Only four German-Swiss newspapers with any considerable following are genuinely neutral, while eight are actually financed and edited by Germans (including the *Bern Tageblatt*, the organ of the German Legation, and the *Basel Anzeiger*, which is controlled by a Berlin publisher, named Mosse), and at least a further score are pro-German. Out of fifty professors employed at Basel University, twenty are actually German, and another is German-born and naturalised Italian. These be the newspapers that guide public opinion in the Helvetian Republic, and these the men appointed to educate the fledglings in what Bismarck once contemptuously called "that nest of democracy!"

The Swiss are indignant at the German practice of erecting their largest factories for making explosives, asphyxiating gases and "liquid fire" along the Rhine; and, where possible, in immediate proximity to a large Swiss town. Such factories are to be seen working, day and night, at high pressure close to Rheinfelden, Laufenburg, and other towns, and, though to the superficial observer this choice of site might seem justified by the convenience of river-borne traffic, the real object is quite obviously to make it impossible, or, at least, difficult, for our airmen to attack these establishments without passing over Swiss territory and risking serious damage to neutral property. It is quite after the German heart to shelter under a woman's petticoat.

The recent death of Colonel de Loys, of the Second Division of the Swiss Army, recalls an imprudent act that even his not very numerous friends could excuse only on the ground of a too martial patriotism. When, shortly after the outbreak of war, Switzerland found herself in difficulties with the Entente Powers, the gallant Colonel wrote to the leading paper in Thurgau, and expressed the hope that his country would negotiate with her Army and not through diplomatic channels. It is occasionally difficult not to sympathise with Switzerland, finding herself as she does in the position of the rope in a tug of war; but this was certainly not the way out of her difficulties. Picture her half-million troops confronted with modern artillery! We are no longer in the days of Sempach.

The danger of a little knowledge is curiously illustrated by the fact that more silk dresses are being worn in Germany at the present time than during the first two years of war. Superficial deduction from such a piece of information might assume a growing prosperity in the German wardrobe, but the real explanation is very different, the truth being that there is no more wool or cotton for such purposes. Even silk, which is also needed for aeroplanes and observation balloons, is getting scarce, and Italian smugglers who care to take the risk of being shot at the frontier can earn enormous wages with this particular contraband.

The King must have his advisers on art questions. Who are they? When he has to sit for his portrait someone must be told off to arrange the details. Presumably, a person in the Lord Chamberlain's department is commissioned to find an artist and fix up the sittings. So far, it is easy to imagine the procedure. But when we advance a little further and reach the selected painter it becomes excruciatingly difficult to grasp what has happened and the springs of action. If the Lord Chamberlain's gentleman had been desired to choose a tailor or confectioner we might feel sure that his personal experience and preferences would have had play. But about art, of course, he would probably confess he had no knowledge whatever, and we can readily imagine him canvassing his club for recommendations of a likely painter fellow, to whom a State portrait might be entrusted. This, again, is

simply followed, but how on earth was Mr. Frank O. Salisbury picked to paint their Majesties' visit to the Western Front, for presentation to a municipal gallery?

Mr. Salisbury's name does not leap to laymen's lips with the readiness of popular Academicians'. That in itself is not against him. As far as we recall his career he has been an exhibitor at Burlington House some twenty years or so, and in certain portrait societies' shows. A product of the Royal Academy Schools, his work reproduced with striking faithfulness the worst qualities of academic teaching. Add to this a sure feeling for the sentimental and obsequious that systematically contrived to make his sitters look like stage heroines or choir boys (according to their sex), and we shall not be shocked to find that Mr. Salisbury's practice as a portrait painter is steadily increased. From portraits he mounted to decorative painting, and demonstrated that his natural gifts were hardly sufficient to make good the defects of his unlucky training. He has perpetrated various decorative panels for the Houses of Parliament and Royal Exchange, of which it is enough to say that they showed that Mr. Salisbury misconceived the business to which he had put his hand.

#### TO RUFUS.

"The Lord Chief Justice has been entrusted with a delicate financial mission to the United States. It is understood that there are other and undisclosed matters which are entrusted to him."

Rufus, adrift with mild cigar,  
Puffed on yon transatlantic decker;  
O twinkling star, say what you are—  
Law or Exchequer?

Not Bonar. As his name imports,  
Let him supplant your pose entrancing,  
A President of widowed Courts  
While you're financing.

So versatile! Last time you went  
Across, by newspapers upwritten,  
You brought a loan at six per cent.  
Back to Great Britain,

Untaxed, too. Nor is banking all  
Your present care. You'll earn the "thank 'ees"  
Of the White House as of Whitehall,  
And charm the Yankees.

How well this transformation fits  
Your mastered Theory of Exchanges—  
Indeed there seems no bound to its  
Adaptive ranges.

Let tailors don the parson's cloth,  
Put waitresses—apt word—in Whitehall;  
Let any cook-maid spoil the broth,  
For none is vital.

Ah, Friendship! George's friends unfed  
Or unindulged seem now a rare case.  
Winston is in, and Haldane's tread  
Creeps up the staircase.

And you're at sea for L.S.D.,  
And explanation, and explosive—  
Or grain.—Announce, Marconi (*free*),  
That Isaac's Joseph.

## THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—II.

THE Radicals wish to destroy the power of the House of Lords: the Conservatives wish to preserve it. Both parties, oddly enough, think they can achieve their different objects by the same method. The Radicals believe that by substituting an Elective Senate for the hereditary Upper House they will get a Second Chamber dependent on the machinery of elections; and, therefore, plastic to their will. There are some cynical Radicals who believe that the best way to keep the House of Lords in a state of weakness is to preserve its present hereditary basis, but as they dare not express these views in public, they need not be considered. There are many Conservatives, whose opinions are entitled to respect, who agree with the cynical Radicals that the hereditary character of the House of Lords is its weakness, but who wish on that account to eliminate or modify it by substituting an elected or nominated element. To this school belong Lord Rosebery and Lord Lansdowne, who, in the evil days of panic (1910 and 1911), persuaded the House of Lords to resolve their own extinction. On the 17 November 1910, Lord Rosebery carried *nem. con.* the following resolution: "That in future the House of Lords shall consist of Lords of Parliament—A. Chosen by the whole body of hereditary peers from among themselves and by nomination of the Crown: B. Sitting by virtue of offices and of qualifications held by them. C. Chosen from outside." Here you have four different kinds of Lords of Parliament, viz.: 1. Hereditary peers co-opted by themselves. 2. Hereditary peers nominated by the Crown. 3. Official peers. 4. Popularly elected peers. On the 8 May 1911, Lord Lansdowne, in presenting a Bill for the Reconstitution of the House of Lords, said: "No peer shall henceforth sit in this House unless he can produce credentials other than the possession of an hereditary peerage." We think that the peers on looking back must feel ashamed of these resolutions, which were the cowardly product of the Whigs.

Then came the Parliament Act, carried, as we pointed out last week, by a majority in the House of Commons composed of Irish Nationalists and Labour members. Before the Parliament Act, the House of Lords, an older body than the House of Commons, was, in fact, as well as in theory, its legislative equal, and possessed the same powers of amending or rejecting Bills, except Money Bills. As the result of a series of disputes, too long to be considered here, it had come to be settled Constitutional practice that the House of Lords could reject, but must not amend, a Money Bill. Thus, the House of Lords rejected the Finance Bill of 1909, being prevented from amending it. When the House of Lords rejected a Government Bill, the Government appealed to the nation by a dissolution. Thus, when the House of Lords in 1895 rejected Gladstone's Second Home Rule Bill, that Minister appealed to the constituencies, who confirmed the action of the House of Lords by returning a Conservative majority. It was to escape from this ordeal by appeal to the country that Mr. Asquith brought in his Parliament Act, which he forced the House of Lords to pass by the threat of creating five hundred peers, a power which he had somehow extracted from the Sovereign. The Parliament Act enacts that Bills passed by the House of Commons in three successive sessions, and rejected by the House of Lords, shall become law by Royal Assent. This practically deprives the House of Lords of the power of amendment (as well as of rejection), because the House of Commons can always disagree with the Lords' amendments. The clause relating to Money Bills is probably the grossest affront ever put upon one branch of the Legislature by the other. It enacts that if a Money Bill, having been sent up to the House of Lords at least one month before the end of the Session, is not passed by the Lords without amendment within one month, it shall forthwith become an Act of Parliament. Why the House of Lords, which

contains, by the bye, all the ablest financiers in the country, should ever take the trouble to read a Money Bill is not apparent.

From this short recital of the facts, it is evident that there are two questions at issue, which have, like most political questions, got mixed up. There is: 1. The power of the House of Lords, and 2, its personnel, or composition. What are the functions of the House of Lords, and what powers must it be given to fulfil those functions? And who are the persons to be entrusted with those powers? These are the questions to be discussed and reported on by Lord Bryce's Committee.

Everybody, or nearly everybody, is agreed, at least in theory, that the function of the House of Lords is to check the impulses and to correct the blunders of the House of Commons. The power necessary to exercise that function is by the authors of the Parliament Act considered to be a suspensory veto for three sessions. The argument of this doctrine is that if those who oppose a Bill cannot in two years and a half or three years arouse a sufficient body of public opinion to induce the Ministry to drop it, the Bill ought to pass. In other words, it is an appeal to agitation, an appeal from the Parliament to the government. The Conservatives believe that in order to exercise the function of a controlling or revising Chamber, the House of Lords must be armed with its old power of forcing an appeal to the People by the absolute rejection of a Bill, which it considers inimical to the national welfare. Lord Lansdowne thought it more prudent, and more practical, to limit this power of forcing an appeal to the country to certain issues of special importance. Accordingly, Lord Lansdowne moved an amendment to the Parliament Act, proposing to refer to the electors "Bills dealing with the Crown, local parliaments, and issues of great gravity." The House of Commons, under the guidance of Mr. Asquith, disagreed with this amendment, which was accordingly returned to the Lords. On the motion "That the Lords do insist on the amendment," the Tory and Whig peers were divided into three parties, those who voted for insisting on the amendment (nicknamed the "Die Hards"): those who abstained from voting: those who voted with the Government against the amendment, which was lost. We understand that the object of the Conservative members on Lord Bryce's Committee is to amend the Parliament Act by restoring the Lansdowne amendment: or, if the Parliament Act should be repealed (which, as it has been a complete failure, is more than likely), to carry an Act which shall confer upon the Second Chamber the power of consulting the country on "issues of great gravity," either by the old method of a General Election, or by the new method known as the Referendum. With this object we are in entire sympathy. The Second Chamber, however composed, can never really check or control the First Chamber unless it is given the power of compelling an appeal to the electors. The suspensory veto is a perfectly illusory check, because nobody knows what the opinion of the nation is without actually asking the question. Public opinion will be made to appear on one side or the other by the party newspapers, which do not really represent anything but the views of the individuals who own them. Between 1900 and 1906 there was an overwhelming preponderance of Unionist or Conservative opinions in the Press, particularly in London. Yet in 1906, when the electors came to be asked what they thought, the Unionist party was "snowed under." Of the two methods of taking the opinion of the electors, we prefer to the Referendum the old-fashioned method of an Election. Terrifying is the idea of the bald, cold question, asked on a slip of paper, "Are you in favour of a 10s. income-tax? Yes or No. Are you in favour of disestablishing the Church? Yes or No." That is to destroy political discussion altogether. The second question, Who is to compose the House of Lords? we must reserve for a concluding article.

## BOLINGBROKE AND A NATIONAL PARTY.

AT a time when a few young politicians have announced their intention of founding a National Party, a new publication by the Clarendon Press of Bolingbroke's 'Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism and the Idea of a Patriot King' is more than opportune.\* This pamphlet, for it is hardly more than that in size, outweighs in value all the recent books that crowd our shelves. For though we agree with Burke that Bolingbroke is "a presumptuous and superficial writer," he is a classic, none the less, by merit of his style, if not of his ideas. He spoke and wrote the grand style, as Chesterfield said, better than any of his contemporaries, being dignified without pomposity, and though easy never familiar. As the publishers and the Press between them have destroyed all real literary criticism, it is well that the writers of the day should have before them a specimen of what can be done with the English language by not writing in a hurry, and by paying attention to grammar, cadence, and the choice of words. But the practical value of these tracts at this hour is perhaps even greater than their literary example. When the Spartan parent wished to show his children the evil of intemperance, he made one of his helots drunk. The miscarriage of all Bolingbroke's schemes should serve as a warning to those who think to conquer the world by words. "Stick to words: for with words you can do anything; out of words you can build systems and construct creeds," said Mephistopheles to Faust. The advice was wrong, as cynicism untempered by commonsense is always wrong, the truth being that words, unless backed by deeds founded on knowledge of the world, can do very little, as Mr. Asquith's downfall proves. The years immediately following the first publication of the "Patriot King" were scenes of unbridled political faction. George III tried to play the part of the Patriot King, with the result that Jack Wilkes shook his throne, and that after a few years' war he lost his Colonial Empire. If for the words "A Patriot King" you substitute "General Page Croft" this famous tract would make an even better manifesto for the "National Party" than the production ascribed to the pen of Mr. Oliver, as the following excerpts will show. "To espouse no party, but to govern like the common father of his people, is so essential to the character of a Patriot King (Page Croft) that he who does otherwise forfeits the title. . . . The true image of a free people, governed by a Patriot King (Page Croft) is that of a patriarchal family, where the head and all the members are united by one common interest, and animated by one common spirit. . . . Instead of abetting the divisions of his people, he will endeavour to unite them, and to be himself the centre of their union: instead of putting himself at the head of one party in order to govern his people, he will put himself at the head of his people in order to govern, or more properly to subdue, all parties. . . . Far from forming or espousing a party, he (i.e., the Patriot King or Page Croft) will defeat party in defence of the Constitution, on some occasions; and lead men, from acting with a party spirit, to act with a national spirit, on others." On comparing these and other passages in this famous pamphlet with the manifesto of the "National Party," we accuse the writer, whoever he may be, of plagiarism, without acknowledgment, from Bolingbroke. We do not suspect the Brigadier or Lord Duncannon: their habits are not literary. The anonymous pen, however, is evidently that of one skilled in all the tricks of the trade, including larceny.

Bolingbroke's tract had no more effect on Georgian politics than Disraeli's "Sibyl" had on Victorian

\* Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism and the Idea of a Patriot King, with an Introduction by A. Hassall, Student of Christ Church, Oxford. At the Clarendon Press. 1917. 2s. 6d.

parties. The reason why all these dreams of a National Party vanish at the touch of reality is very simple. The Patriot King must have a Government, for neither Bolingbroke nor Beaconsfield had any notion of establishing Cæsarism in England. The moment that a Government is formed, an Opposition springs up, which criticises and, in the end, denounces the acts of the Government. An Opposition is a party, by whatever name called; and indeed in his letter 'On the Spirit of Patriotism' (a much better performance than the 'Patriot King'), Bolingbroke writes very sensibly and pointedly on the duties of an Opposition, and the preparation necessary for those who conduct it. "According to the present form of our Constitution, every member of either House of Parliament is a member of a National Standing Council, born, or appointed by the people, to promote good and to oppose bad government; and if not vested with the power of a Minister of State, yet vested with the superior power of controlling those who are appointed such by the Crown. It follows from hence that they who engage in Opposition are under as great obligation to prepare themselves to control, as they who serve the Crown are under to prepare themselves to carry on, the administration." Golden words, which we wish had been pondered by the Conservative leaders before they joined the last and the present Governments. But if General Page Croft and Lord Duncannon are capable of apprehending the profound truth of this passage, is there not here opened to them a field of activity worthy of the highest ambition? A National Party is, and always has been, nonsense, because the nation, meaning thereby millions of men and women, never have agreed, and never can or will agree about the acts of government. There are, or in a few weeks there will be, some sixteen to twenty million voters, male and female. Is it pretended that they will ever think alike on politics, *idem sentire de republica*? For a few supreme hours of national exaltation, for a few months it may be, even for the duration of a general election, the nation may think and speak as one man. But to suppose that a whole nation, in a free and educated age, can ever act continuously and systematically in one party is the dream of an idealist or the scheme of an intriguer.

## INCOME-TAX IN CANADA.

THE complete text of the Act to impose an Income Tax in Canada, which has now reached this country, is worthy of careful attention by all who are interested in Canadian securities and financial questions. The Bill had a stormy passage through the Legislature, and bears evidence of much haste and confusion in its compilation. Indeed in some of its provisions it is so vague as to be almost unintelligible, and there is no doubt that before it becomes a workable measure it will afford a rich harvest to the lawyers. Comment in the local Press has been strong on this point. The *Financial Times* of Montreal, for example, says that while it is possible that the Finance Minister's declared intention to exempt from taxation (in the personal income-tax account) the dividends received from companies which have already paid taxes on their earnings might have been more unintelligibly expressed than it is, they doubt it. Companies, be it observed, are "persons" under the Act, as any "body corporate" is included under that definition. In construing the Act, therefore, it must always be borne in mind that an individual and a company are one and the same thing. Who those are who are liable is indicated—we cannot say defined—in sub-section (f) of section 1, which states that a "taxpayer" means any person paying, liable to pay, or *believed by the Minister to be liable to pay*, any tax imposed by the Act. The italics are our own. It would appear from one portion of the Act that non-residents are not liable, as the assessments under the Act are to be

levied and paid by persons residing or ordinarily resident in Canada, and that only those carrying on business in Canada are liable to assessment. This definition, however, is qualified by sub-section (3) of section 3, which deals with the income of persons residing or having their head office or principal place of business outside of Canada, in which cases the assessment is to be on the net profit or gain arising from the business of such person in Canada. It is thus probably certain that all persons, companies or corporations, which may be "believed by the Minister" to be carrying on business in the Dominion are liable to be assessed. From this it follows that all private investors, manufacturing companies doing business in Canada and practically all our British financial land and investment companies are, presumably, involved, and liable under the new tax. Let us now look at the definition of income laid down in the Act. In the first place we have all annual profit or gain or gratuity "capable of computation," and this includes "interest, dividends or profits" directly or indirectly received from money at interest, or from stocks or any other investments "whether divided or distributed or not." There are certain exemptions and deductions such as "the value of property acquired by gift, bequest, devise or descent," proceeds of life insurance policies, depreciation allowances, deductions of tax at the source, and patriotic subscriptions, etc. Truly a marvellous list of deductions from "income," and affording a wonderful sidelight upon the mental attitude of the authors of the Act!

There is also a super-tax, for the purpose of which impost the income of a taxpayer is to be held to include the share to which he would be entitled of the undivided gains and profits made by a syndicate or any similar body or partnership, unless the Minister is of opinion that the accumulation is not for the purpose of evading the tax or is otherwise reasonable. Anyone with any knowledge of the ways of income-tax assessors will quite appreciate the significance and probable working of this provision.

The nature of the tax is as follows. Four per cent. on all income exceeding \$1,500 in the case of unmarried persons, widows or widowers without dependent children, and exceeding \$3,000 in all other cases; and in addition 2 per cent. upon the amount by which the income exceeds \$6,000 and does not exceed \$10,000. Similarly 5 per cent. in addition between \$10,000 and \$20,000, with further graduated increases up to 25 per cent. on the amount by which the income exceeds \$100,000. This super-tax, however, mercifully does not apply to corporations. Assignments *inter vivos* after 1 August 1917 are not to escape unless the Minister so determines. Evidently the Canadians have had no experience of taxing officers! There are many exemptions, some sensible and some the reverse, amongst the latter being the incomes of labour associations, and of insurance, mortgage, and loan associations operated for the benefit of farmers (with wheat and meat at the present level!). But there is no attempt whatever to deal with the question of "double" or "dual" income-tax within the Empire. No allowance is made under this head, nor indeed is any reference made to the matter.

Whatever therefore may be thought of the provisions of this Act in themselves, there is evidently work for the Double Income Tax Association to do in most vigorously protesting against this fresh instance of the imposition of a dual income-tax within the Empire. In this country we have even begun to modify the incidence of our income-tax in favour of those who are at present doubly taxed, as it was proved that capital was being driven out of the Empire under existing conditions, and yet we have now a new departure in Canada involving all the vicious principles comprised in the Australian legislation on the subject, with not a sign in the Act that the experience of the past is considered or regarded. One of the most influential meetings which has been held in the City of London took place in April last to protest against

this system of taxation. Numerous representatives of the Oversea Dominions and oversea sentiment have declared themselves against the system. If our memory serves us correctly, Sir Robert Borden at a recent Colonial Conference declared himself against the system, and yet we now find the Dominion, of which he is the chief representative, in the field to impose for the first time a dual tax which has been admitted by our Treasury officials to be indefensible and impolitic.

#### THE FUTURE AND THE SUBALTERN.

##### II.—WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME.

ONE thing is certain about the politics of to-morrow. They will be more directly the concern of the ordinary man than ever before. They will more immediately affect his welfare, and they will be correspondingly nearer to his comprehension. The politician of pre-war days who discoursed passionately in the halfpenny press or the village inn on the visionary benefits of Free Trade or Tariff Reform knew, and could know, almost nothing of his subject. He was tackling a problem on which the experts themselves, the lifelong economists, were unable to agree. He championed Free Trade because he was a Nonconformist or because his father thought Home Rule would be a good thing for Ireland. Or else he spouted Tariff Reform because his grandfather was a true blue, and he himself objected to Lloyd George's attitude to the South African War. Politics, in fact, were a sort of bastard religion, which afforded an outlet for one's natural bellicosity.

But when peace returns, politics will be no longer artificial but real. We shall be confronted with a multiplicity of problems which will immediately concern Brown, Jones, and Robinson, themselves and their relatives, their livelihood and their prospects. For the politics of to-morrow will centre in the problem of the returned soldier. The problem is not so simple as it looks; it is not one, for instance, that can be solved by the hotelocrats working under Mr. Hodge or Dr. Addison. There are many aspects of the problem.

In the glamorous early days, when the War was still a gallant adventure, those who were denied the glory of marching to Berlin were bidden to console themselves by attending to "business as usual." They were exhorted lyrically to keep the home going until the boys (bless their young hearts!) came home again. When the boys do come home, they will find that those they left behind, the munitioneers, miners, and other privileged workers, have obeyed the behest of the song with a fervour of patriotism that proved not unprofitable. Those who went abroad will return the richer for their experiences, the poorer in all else. Not all the efforts of the little Ministers of Pensions and Reconstruction will avail to restore to the maimed and the nerve-shattered their limbs and their health, nor to equalise the worldly wealth of the uninjured with that of the "profiteers" of their own class who conducted business as usual—only more so.

The millions of Britons who took that first rapturous plunge into the waters of Patriotism literally did not stop to count the cost. They have had leisure since to ponder it. When the demobilised soldier is left high and dry once more on the wind-swept shores of Peace, there will probably float to his ears across the breeze the brassy voice of one who sings to him of an endlessly long trail or a cloyingly perfect day or of some other ironical banality. It will be the voice of his neighbour's gramophone, symbol of new-gotten prosperity, symbol of a new caste, of a new social order, it may well be of a new social conflict, more bitter and more rancorous than any that was waged before. It needs no great stretch of the imagination to foresee the ever-widening breach between the men who went out to fight and the men who stayed at home to carry on business.

as usual—and purchase gramophones. It is possibly nobody's fault that Jones was killed while Smith only lost a leg, and Brown returned safe and sound but penniless, to find that Robinson, who remained at home, had acquired a comfortable sum in the Post Office together with a gramophone to trumpet his prosperity abroad. It may be nobody's fault, but somehow it will strike Brown as unjust. The State buried Jones, pensions Smith, and will try to reconstruct Brown. But Robinson is a gentleman of independent means, as his gramophone never tires of reminding Brown. The old class-hatreds will be as nothing to the new class-hatred, unless we can evolve a statesmanship capable of solving the problem of the gramophone. What are such remote issues as Tariff Reform, Lords Reform, Irish Reform, Electoral Reform, when compared with the relations of Brown, who went to the War and lost his job, to Robinson, who stayed at home and got it?

That is but one aspect of the Problem of the Returned Soldier, but it is a vastly important one, involving not the Ministry of Reconstruction alone, but also, incidentally, those of Labour, Education, Health, Agriculture, Home Affairs, Colonies, Army, Navy, Shipping, Munitions, Overlapping, Local Government . . . a whole Cabinet of Reconstructors. It took our political chiefs about two years to learn, by dint of bloody sacrifices, that it was impolitic to leave the running of the War to a single State Department. Will they make the same blunder about the guidance of the new England? Will they possess the vision to scrap the old shibboleths, and meet the new realities with new methods of governance? One hesitates to be hopeful.

The old parties were distrusted by Demos, and deserved to be. The Conservatives, lacking the courage of the principles they inherited, feared Demos and offered it sops. The Liberals, suffering from intellectual priggishness and constipated consciences, despised Demos, and offered it cant and lies. They came in on the Chinese Labour lie, they went out on the "All is Well" lie distorted into a policy. The Labour Party was trusted by a section only of Demos, and that section began to lose faith as soon as its leaders hobnobbed with the powerful. Agitators it could respect, legislators of its own class it could only distrust. Nough<sup>t</sup> in Mr. Henderson's Cabinet life became him like the leaving of it—in the eyes of his followers, who, regarding him, on the whole, as rather a stupid man, welcome him to-day as a martyr and an excellent subject for a "grouse." Demos at home is for the moment getting on with the War, smacking its lips anticipatorily over the fruits of victory. But it is Demos from the trenches which will expect the first fruits.

That section of it which is in the Services—we have already estimated it as two-thirds of the vital whole—will return to civil life with quickened intellect, a new regard for authority and discipline, a new faith in what are called the governing classes. It will return also with the consciousness that it has been facing death in Seven Circles of Hell in order to secure certain benefits for "Democracy." It will certainly be justified in regarding itself as having first call on the State when these benefits are being distributed. Above all, it will resent unjust delays in the restoration of employment, or in the award of pensions, whether these delays be due to inevitable causes, or to the blundering of administrators. Here, then, is a second aspect of the problem of the Returned Soldier—the conflict between Brown, "thinking himself and being (in the Aristotelian phrase) worthy of great things," and the Stupid Jack-in-Office.

Such difficulties as those above adumbrated are altogether distinct from the various familiar problems arising from the extension of Woman Labour, Dilution, and the suspension of Trade Union Regulations, of which the professional Agitators may be trusted to

take full advantage. They are distinct, too, from the old problems that have hitherto been inseparable from the struggle for livelihood in the present stage of our civilisation. Regarded broadly, the whole mass of problems will be seen to be capable of solution on one condition, and one condition alone. The element of Distrust must be removed. Legislation from above is valueless unless Demos believes in its Guardians. To govern successfully a high-spirited people it is essential to convince the Governed that the Governors are actuated by Good Will and Good Sense. Otherwise there is no Faith, and without Faith Anarchy, implicit, if not on the surface. The anarchy of Labour, as evinced in recent industrial disturbances, arose immediately from distrust in their leaders, sown in the minds of the workers. Their leaders, in the very act of gaining political power and responsibility, lost the respect of those they had led. It was the most damning argument against Democracy that has ever been advanced in this country. That is, perhaps, by the way, but it demonstrates the necessity of Faith, if Leadership is to be a reality and not a mere mockery.

In the Army the Regimental Officer, and especially the Company or Platoon Commander, in a word, the Subaltern, is the personal link between the General Staff and the Rank and File. Substitute for General Staff the Government, and for Rank and File Demos; there remains in the body politic of the New England the ex-Subaltern as the connecting link between the ruling classes and the people. The place that the Subaltern is likely to occupy in the State after the War will be the subject of the next article of this series.

C. D. S.

#### GERMAN SPIES IN NEUTRAL COUNTRIES.

ONE abiding memory of the merry pantomime of other days was the never-failing trick of the clown, who, having stolen a turkey or a string of sausages, used to throw off the pursuit by doubling on his tracks and leading the chase with loud cries of "Stop Thief!" This ancient joke has been revived in all seriousness by the nation whose Culture precludes all sense of humour, for the Germans have, ever since the outbreak of war, been crying out against the wicked behaviour of the Entente in flooding neutral countries, particularly those which overlook the German frontiers, with spies. The sober truth is that not all the Entente Powers put together have enlisted one half the number of agents, or spent one quarter the amount of money, employed in this business by Germany alone.

The unpleasant fact is that the German is a born spy, and his peculiar gifts receive every encouragement from his infancy, for the thrifty Hausfrau, who believes in dividing the nursery the better to rule it, does not punish her children for telling tales out of school. These agreeable traditions of the schoolroom are maintained in the universities, where students curry favour with their professors by reporting on their fellows, and in the garrisons and regiments, where one officer spies on the other, from the General down to the raw recruit. As the men are, so the women, and we have, almost too late, learnt to our cost that the thousands of Germans formerly (we hope that the qualification is justified) at large in England—women with morals and women with none, financiers, clerks, foremen and waiters—were part and parcel of one tremendous spy organisation. The measure of its success has been seen in the earlier achievements of Zeppelins and submarines; the measure, the supreme measure, of its failure survives in the fatuous report of Britain's temper by which Lichnowsky encouraged his insane master to stake his throne on the hazard of war.

Spying in an enemy country entails obvious risks

in time of war out of all proportion to the reward, and a few little episodes, at the Tower and elsewhere, in the grey of the morning have probably cured the majority of aliens still loose in England of any further ambition to take that short and thorny road to fame. In neutral countries, however, where the gravest risk is a sentence of expulsion and the commoner alternative a light fine or a short term of imprisonment, spies are both numerous and active. Doubtless every belligerent country has its agents in both Holland and Switzerland, but those in the pay of Germany are as pebbles on the seashore, and it is a fact that during the War the German Legation and Consulate at Berne have increased their "staff" to a total of four hundred! It is true that not all of these agents are German, for neutrals enjoy obvious advantages for such work, but a very considerable number are young Germans, able-bodied and fit, who prefer to serve their country with brains rather than with body.

There, along their own frontier, their work consists chiefly in what is known as counter-espionage: that is to say, they have to spy on other spies, but in very truth they spy on those who are no spies at all, as the following story will show.

Part of the work of this organisation is to keep the German authorities constantly informed of any change in public opinion among neutrals on the subject of both Germany's modes of conducting war and her prospects of victory, and they make this qualitative analysis of their neighbours' thoughts with a characteristic thoroughness so admirable that one is at a loss whether to associate it with the chemical laboratory or comic opera.

Not many weeks ago, for instance, the German Consulate in a certain neutral city overlooking the Fatherland detailed two of his agents to report on the feeling in the business quarter. One of them, by the way, was an interné in uniform, to which was pinned the rare and coveted Iron Cross. The German interné is not the least deterred by any obligation which his circumstances might impose on him not to engage in such work; indeed, a number of them have quite recently been convicted of seizing the opportunity of repatriation to smuggle quantities of foodstuff across the frontier in trunks with false bottoms!

Well this is how these diligent exponents of espionage set about it.

First, the interné would enter a shop and either make a trifling purchase or, with preferable thrift, inquire as to prices. Then he would cross the road and go through the same business in another shop in order, as he doubtless fondly imagined, to conceal any appearance of a house-to-house visit. No sooner had he left each shop than the civilian, an altogether more plausible fellow, fluent in the local dialect, entered it and turned at the threshold to gaze at the departing warrior. He then entered into conversation with either the proprietor or an assistant and made some belittling remark about Germany. It is possible that on the first day this astute minion of the German Secret Service succeeded in drawing one or two expressions of equal contempt from an incautious shopkeeper or outspoken assistant. Such tomfoolery may, in fact, have achieved its curious purpose for an hour or two, for the tradesmen of that quarter are out for the main chance and waste none of their business hours in gossip with their neighbours or in staring out of their doors. But it is their practice at noon to close their shops for an hour and a half and to meet their friends, and it is quite certain that, before the silly fellows had been on the prowl for half a day, word of it had gone round the city. Forewarned was forearmed, and the householders henceforth gave so flattering an account of their political sympathies that the German Consul was in a position to report to his delighted master, who has an insatiable appetite for such syrup, that the whole of the trading element was German at heart. The only aspect of this stupendous folly even more remarkable than its conception was the guileless belief

of the shopkeepers that, in the event of a German invasion, they would be safe from looters.

Of smugglers the German spy-bureaux in both Holland and Switzerland make great use, for by long practice these folk are able to pass the frontier unchallenged and are also, though goodness knows why, supposed to be qualified to collect military information. The method of employing them is simple and obvious. All the Huns have to do is to provide the smuggler with ferro-silicate, or some other contraband of which France or Italy is supposed to be in need. From the smuggler-spy's point of view, the arrangement is excellent. The pay is, in view of the slight risk of being shot at sight, high, and, if arrested, he gets off cheaply on the lighter charge, and his employers pay his fine. In short, he takes the risk of a smuggler and the pay of a spy.

Of the spy system the *agent provocateur* is an unavoidable excrescence, and the Germans dangle these clumsy baits in their hundreds. The favourite disguise of the *agent provocateur* is that of a German deserter full of rancour against his officers, and as deserters have all through the war been finding their way over the Dutch and Swiss frontiers in thousands, it requires a little discrimination to tell the sheep from the goats. The object of this delectable blackguard is twofold: he may be bent on embroiling someone with the local authorities, or, more often, he may aim at conveying wrong information. As a case in point, there is a certain sector on the Western Front of which the enemy has of late appreciably strengthened the defences to an extent, as he passionately believes, unknown to ourselves. He is, in consequence, anxious for us to attack in that region with inadequate forces, and his *agents provocateurs* of the deserter brand never tire of giving "secret information" that a mere handful could break through. Here, again, is childishness fitter for the nursery.

Now and again a spy has a sense of humour foreign to the rank and file of his trade. The following is a true story of the manner in which a wag of this kidney managed to hoodwink half a dozen employers, to his own fleeting profit, by a simple but ingenious trick that deserved a longer measure of success. His first inspiration was to advertise for a room or cottage in every small newspaper along the frontier. On receiving many answers, and further adding to them by fresh queries, he steamed open the envelopes and burnt the contents. Then he offered to supply military information hot from the outposts and all that remained was to take a comfortable apartment in the city and send out a plausible series of reports in the envelopes, altering the dates of postmarks that vouched for the sources of his facts. Had he been content to cheat a single customer, he might still be working the oracle. As it was, his vanity prompted him to impose on half a dozen dupes, with the result that two of these happened one day to compare notes and he is still in gaol!

#### MATTHEW MARIS AND DREAMS.

PEOPLE always like to hear that an artist died in poverty. It is so much more romantic for him to fade out in obscure or even squalid dinginess than to die in a rich mansion, with announcements on the placards publishing a well-known artist's death. We fondle the tradition that Hobbema and Rembrandt died forgotten and were given paupers' burial, and would feel deprived if we ascertained that they did nothing of the sort. The death of Matthew Maris attracted the more interest because few were sure whether he still lived, and because the atmosphere of neglect and poverty was emphasised in his obituary notices. Yet, judged by the auction rooms, Maris was by no means a neglected failure. It is true that pictures sold by him for a few francs changed hands at some thousand pounds, within the last few years. But we could scarcely pick out that as proof of failure. Degas, whose artistic quality is almost legendary, has

cynically enjoyed the same experience of fashion's whims. If Maris died poor and all but forgotten we cannot correctly plume ourselves on giving art history another piquant instance of neglected genius.

The Maris name was prized by dealers and revered by artists, ten and twenty years ago, as highly as it is in the power of living or recent artists to be esteemed. Jacob, the eldest of the three brothers, and the most successful and conspicuous, died in 1899. The movement he, Matthew and William led was as famous, and, for dealers at least, as profitable, as the Barbizon School which it both continued and succeeded. Moreover, we can safely prophesy that the Dutchman's work will longer endure by reason of its graver and more solid inspiration. It is fairly clear, then, that worldly success was Matthew Maris's for the picking up, had he cared about it. By working over the ground which he and Jacob had marked out distinctly as their own, by developing that charming gift of interpretation signally exemplified in his 'L'Enfant Couchée,' and in other paintings of child and girlhood, he would have made his popularity and bank account quite safe. But he refused to. Perhaps his interest in any particular subject was easily exhaustible, or, perhaps, he was ridden by a dream of which his waking recollection fell ever short. However that may be, he seldom struck a note a second time, and never held one down, self-satisfied by a discovered harmony or gratified by its effect upon his audience.

The pictures by which his art will endure are few and unrepeated. Just once he seemed to experiment with an idea, to extract from it some strange, rare essence and then to let it go, ere familiarity had dulled its wonder, and analysis had driven away its mystic meaning. Ah, how passionately might artists pray for grace to prolong their vision of the magic revealed to their first gaze, for power to reach the great and all but comprehended meaning flashed on their fresh eyes, before it fades for ever! To very few are these gifts granted. Many show no sign of having seen even the most fleeting wonder; some obviously labour to put down on canvas their faded, morning recollection of a dream, or their once glorious impression of the mountain tops at dawn. The product of their faithful struggle is either so nebulous and thin, or so tame and flat that we, and sometimes they themselves, doubt whether what they have striven to record was ever really wonderful. But one or two succeed in giving solid form to their enchanted visions, the while sustaining their mystery and spiritual exaltation, for the gods have blessed them with miraculously sensitised memory, to which they have added profound knowledge.

Matthew Maris in his later years immersed himself in dreams of an enchanted land, a land of thickening twilight, enigmatic princesses and romantic castles. We have no right to doubt that in his dreams he was aware of sharp and wistful beauties most worth the telling. But, somehow, his pictorial versions of these things are ineffectual. The poignancy, the living thrill of his dream visions does not survive in his painted recollections. Contrasted with his earlier works, of which the Campbell-Bannerman 'Outskirts of a Town' (1872) and 'L'Enfant Couchée' are the distilled essence, these later works are inarticulate. In the 'Outskirts of a Town' the immemorial, yet ever sudden, mystery and heart-breaking transience of the sunset are incomparably given. In the child the very depths of childhood's unconscious reservations and inexplicable wonder are expressed. And yet the artist's spiritual vision goes side by side with actuality, thus touching us acutely. But in the later works we feel vagueness rather than mystery, confusion rather than revelation. We are so made that actuality has more power to move us than dreams that seem to have no bearing on our mortal life. They may be all very well, we are inclined to think, and no doubt mean something to the dreamer: but if they are blurred and formless in their presentation, if they give no clue to

secrets of life more significant than those already in our ken, they excite but listless interest. Burne-Jones failed to a great extent, not because he was a dreamer but because either his dreams were flaccid and insipid, or in translating them he missed the point. And though we would not compare Maris with Burne-Jones, the ineffectiveness of his so-called mystic period is partly due to this: that as truth is stranger than fiction, so life is more provocative and stimulating, more allusive and mysterious than the mysticism that he expressed.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### REFORM OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16 September 1917.

SIR,—Your trenchant article on "Reform of the Bank of England" cannot fail to excite a burst of controversy which may have some good results, but we must also be on our guard against bad ones. To begin with, there will be a good deal of difference of opinion as to its opportuneness. You were, I admit, well entitled to follow so important a lead as that of the Financial Section of the London Chamber of Commerce, but its initiative was by no means unanimous. Several amendments to the resolution asking for inquiry into the functions of the Bank were proposed and discussed at length. Considerable difficulty was experienced in finding words to go just far enough and not too far. The resolution was opposed on three grounds—first, that what was really needed was a general inquiry into our banking and currency system; second, that it was invidious to single out any one bank as requiring investigation; third, that at the present juncture anything appearing to reflect on the Bank of England might be turned to bad account in enemy countries.

These are all good reasons for going slow, and especially for avoiding the least shadow of a suggestion that there is any immediate need to modify the position of the Bank of England. What its would-be reformers desire is an ideal bank combining all the special virtues of a State bank, a Lombard Street bank, a finance bank, a trading bank, and an issuing house. Your own catalogue of its defects indicates requirements which could hardly be combined in any single institution. You also hold it responsible for sins which it only shared with others. The American panic of 1907, you say, "disclosed the insufficiency of our gold reserves." I have always understood that there were at least three delinquents in the gold reserve case—the Government, the Bank of England, and the clearing banks. Year in and year out they footled over it, just as the House of Commons footled over military service, and the two Houses of Convocation footled over the creation of new saints. But when the time came for action, the Bank acted vigorously. So far from having left the Americans in the lurch in 1907, it earned their gratitude by the courage and promptitude with which it shipped gold to their relief.

You also do less than justice to the Bank in blaming it for not having prepared for the "financial earthquake" of August 1914. The real causes of the earthquake were Lombard Street and the clearing banks. It was they, and not the Bank of England, that accumulated the mass of bills vaguely estimated at from 300 millions to 500 millions sterling, which on the eve of the war the Government had blindly to guarantee. It was for their relief and in order to avert a world-wide financial disaster that the guarantee had to be given. Far from requiring help on its own account, the Bank shared with the Treasury the critical rescue work that had to be done. It did the practical part of it by discounting the hung-up bills and making advances on them. Its service to the nation in that crisis was quite as great as that of the Treasury, for even the Treasury guarantee could not have gone far without means to

give it effect by discounting the bills. No other financial institution in existence could have done what the Bank of England did for the City in those evil days.

Another point in your indictment of the Bank finds it "singularly out of touch with manufacture and provincial industry." Many people consider that a blessing and not a defect. The directors are not yet born who could add to the various functions already performed in Threadneedle Street the supervision of a national system of trade banking. You reproach an institution already overloaded with duties of the highest national importance for not adding to them functions for which it was never intended, for which it is not properly constituted, and which by your own showing it could not efficiently discharge without bringing in a new set of directors for the purpose—namely, manufacturers and traders. Consider for a moment how complex and difficult the functions of the Bank already are. Only two of them are statutory, and the rest have arisen fortuitously. Its statutory functions are to finance the State and regulate the English currency. The latter is for the time being in partial suspense, owing to the introduction of Treasury notes, and in what form it may be ultimately resumed who can tell until the war is over?

It is the fortuitous rather than the statutory functions of the Bank that need reconsideration. Down to the time of the Napoleonic wars it was simply the State financier. Then it had to take charge of the foreign exchanges, which involved holding the national gold reserve. After the rise of the joint stock banks in the second quarter of the nineteenth century it became their banker. Through them and their Lombard Street allies it was drawn into the toils of international finance, which you very properly condemn. Finally, in the natural course of evolution it became the emergency bank not only of the State but of the whole country and practically of the whole world. How these special functions are to be affected by the war and by American competition for monetary supremacy Threadneedle itself cannot guess, and the wisest of committees would have to wait for further light on the subject.

The ground is not ready for official inquiry, which must necessarily be confined to special points. What is first needed is general discussion of the subject in its everyday aspects. This would create interest, and probably bring in many responses to your invitation to "those who understand these intricate matters to begin to consider them and be ready with definite suggestions when Parliament asks for them." It would be a call not merely to the Chambers of Commerce but to bankers' institutes, the financial Press, and even the academic Press. Systematic discussion of the latest banking problems has in recent years fallen to a very low ebb among us. Apart from the annual homilies of bank chairmen and occasional paragraphs in City articles, it has become moribund. The Americans get as much of it in a week as London is favoured with in half a year. But now that you have started to flutter the dovecots, I hope your bold lead will be widely followed. What not only the Bank of England but our whole banking system needs is more daylight both from within and without.

I am, etc.,

W. R. LAWSON.  
Finchley Lodge, North Finchley.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

House of Commons.

14 September 1917.

SIR.—British manufacturers, merchants, and contractors owe a debt of gratitude to the SATURDAY REVIEW for calling attention to the important subject of British banking in reference to foreign trade, and especially for the article in your issue a fortnight ago, and the lucid explanation given as to the operations of the Bank of England and the large banking corporations in London.

It is unfortunate that certain large foreign financial houses have secured direct representation on the Board of the Bank of England.

The war has taught us a number of lessons, and has opened our eyes to the "German Trade Conspiracy."

(a) There was a German trade spy in almost every shipping office, merchant's office, and bank in Great Britain, France, Italy, North and South America, and elsewhere.

(b) The German system of re-insurance companies, established to take portions of the risks of British and other offices, enabled our present enemies, in the case of almost every consignment to a foreign customer, to get the name of the manufacturer, the place of manufacture, the price, the name of the purchaser in the foreign country, and the cost of transport.

(c) German manufacturers were enabled to give credit to their customers in foreign countries, because a committee of German banks in Berlin discounted their bills and then re-discounted them in London.

The effect was that, whilst British trade was being stolen by the Germans, British money was being used to help the Germans in doing so.

The trade war, temporarily in abeyance, will recommence immediately peace is signed between the present belligerents, and steps ought "now" to be taken to prevent a recurrence of these objectionable features.

I am, yours obediently,

WM. WATSON RUTHERFORD,  
M.P. for Liverpool.

#### PERISCOPES AND TELESCOPES FOR GUNNERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR.—Thanks to the publicity afforded by your valuable paper, and to the generosity of the subscribers to this Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1916), I have been able to send a very large number of periscopes and telescopes to each of our Fronts. Not a single penny has been absorbed in any expenses other than the cost of postage and printing lists of subscribers and balance-sheets. In response to my previous appeal published by your paper, money amounting to over £5,500 has been sent to me from all parts of the world, but the Fund is now exhausted.

The instruments that I have sent out are of high-magnifying power. It is necessary to get the very best, and these cost money. Every good instrument sent means the saving of many lives. They are, of course, constantly being destroyed or damaged, and this inevitable wastage must promptly be made good.

I receive an enormous number of letters from officers at the Front, showing how greatly these powerful instruments are appreciated. Let the actual letters written to me by officers at the Front speak for themselves:—

A General: "Perfectly invaluable to the forward observing officers."

A Captain: "The exact type of instrument most needed and hitherto unobtainable."

A Staff Captain: "I will get everyone I know to subscribe to your fund, as it is one of the most useful ones of the War, and has probably saved many lives."

The writers of these letters know the need, and it is indeed significant that they are not content to bear the burden and heat of the day out there, but insist on sending me subscriptions from the trenches by way of expressing their appreciation of the good work of the fund, and the practical value of the instruments. I shall be grateful if your readers will send me donations, however small, addressed

JUDGE TOBIN, K.C.,  
c/o London City and Midland Bank,  
36, Castle Street, Liverpool.

I will personally acknowledge them. I have requested that these valuable glasses should, if practicable, be returned to me at the end of the War. I hope it may thus prove possible to realise a fund in aid of military charities.

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED A. TOBIN.

## OURSELVES.

Eastcourt, Malmesbury.  
16 September 1917.

SIR,—The weekly pleasure of reading our SATURDAY REVIEW is even enhanced when we meet our own ideas set forth in a fine phraseology to which we can never hope to attain.

Your point in "Notes for the Week" regarding our Ally, the Tsar of Russia, and "our base desertion of him to pay court to democracy," inflames one as with a hope that all is not lost, and reminds one that there are still sane and sensible people who have read history and remember, as we do, certain events that stirred us before the dawn of 1914.

To have the Tsar of all the Russias dethroned and banished in our own little period of time shocked and horrified our senses, and seemed to loosen some foundation-stone of our own existence; but to have his enemies applauded and the revolutionists pampered, petted, and provided with British money and munitions by British men has caused such a fever in the blood of some of us that no future success for anarchy will ever cool it, or indeed, I think, bring it off the boil.

May I, living in what has hitherto been "a nice old-fashioned village," thank you also for your review of "Two Modern Novels"? It does good to the soul to read that in some quarters, and not unimportant ones, such books are rated at their proper value.

I ought, perhaps, to apologise for the length of this letter or for taking up your time with any remarks at all; but fewer words or none might leave you unaware of the gratitude felt towards an Editor who so bracingly encourages us week by week to hold on to opinions and principles which give us, as it were, a steady hand during this whirligig in the history of the world.

Believe me to be, Sir,  
Yours faithfully,  
EVELYN ST. LEGER.

## FALSTAFF OR GEORGE ROBEY?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is impossible not to admire the courage of the man who says he prefers the humour of George Robey to that of Falstaff: but in one sense "A Philistine" is right. Shakespeare's plays ought to be read, not acted. It is not only that Elizabethan English cannot be easily and naturally spoken by the actor of to-day, but it is impossible to get the secondary characters in Shakespeare's dramas well acted. You can get a Forbes Robertson or a Benson to declaim the speeches of Hamlet; but it is almost impossible to get the parts of the King, the Queen, Polonius, and Horatio well done. You may get a Tree to personify Falstaff, but the Prince and Poins and the King are, as a rule, very inefficiently acted. Therefore it is better, as "A Philistine" says, to read Shakespeare in your study than to see him from the stalls. In another respect I agree with "A Philistine." There is a huge deal of affectation about art, music, and the drama. How many of the people who pay large sums for boxes on the grand tier at Covent Garden or for stalls really understand or care for music? The tum-te-tum of Gounod's waltz they like; but Wagner's chords mean little or nothing to them. They go because the Opera is "the thing," and to look at one another. There was a time when a French company was the fashion, and thousands of people, who missed nine words out of ten, took stalls for the French play. They went in order that they might prattle about Coquelin Cadet and "Cyrano."

The music-hall *revue* makes a very small demand upon the mental machinery necessary to follow spoken words for more than a few minutes. It is suited to the time because people are so harassed and "rattled" by reading about the war morning and evening, by the loss of relatives and of money, that they want something quite absurd and inconsequent, so long as it is

pretty and boisterous. When I say "people" and "they," I mean "A Philistine" and his likes, who are the majority of the public. I am sorry to say I can find no amusement in revues, which bore me more than sitting in the hall of my club, which is saying a good deal. I write this not to boast my superiority to the Philistines, but merely to emphasise the old saw that "de gustibus non est disputandum," which I once heard wittily applied by the late Lord Glenesk to a dispute between Mr. Cust (editor of the *P.M.G.*) and Lord Astor, its proprietor. Lord Glenesk dismissed a discussion as to which of the two was in the right by saying, "De Custibus non est disputandum."

Your obedient servant,

A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

## A PIECE OF SNOBBERY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—On Friday week 376 repatriated soldiers and 49 officers arrived at Waterloo from Germany and from Switzerland. They were fittingly received by the R.T.O. and his staff, General Sir Francis Treherne, Deputy-Director of Medical Service, members of the London Ambulance column, and the ladies at the refreshment buffet. Naturally, the friends and relatives of the repatriated officers and men were very anxious to be admitted to the platform to welcome them. All were rigidly excluded, with two exceptions, the Countess of Stair and Mrs. Earle, the wife of Colonel Earle, of the Grenadier Guards. The men seemed chilled and disappointed at the absence of anything like a welcome, but it may have been necessary, owing to want of space, to exclude friends and relatives. But, then, all should have been excluded. Why should Lady Stair and Mrs. Earle be admitted? I suppose that Mrs. Tommy Atkins was just as anxious to greet her man as Lady Stair or Mrs. Earle. Was not this just one of those pieces of snobishness which are so common in England, and which give so much just offence? What rather surprises me is that Lady Stair and Mrs. Earle should have used their social influence to secure a privilege denied to so many other women.

Yours faithfully,

DOROTHY ATKINS  
(Wife of Tommy of that ilk).

## THE INFLUENCE OF COLOUR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 King Street, Covent Garden.

SIR,—Will you give me a little of your valuable space to remark, in reference to Mrs. Lilian H. Powell's letter in your issue of the 8th, on the influence of colour in dress, that colour plays a more important part in our lives than is generally known. I have made a speciality of occult studies, and I can state with conviction that, if people knew the evil effect of wearing all black on both health and spirits, no one would wear it. It is the colour of the planet Saturn, the planet of gloom and misfortune, fatality, and other evil things. The ancients, who studied these things, never wore black. They even mourned in white. Blue is the colour to wear if one wishes to be happy and brilliant, and, moreover, it is said that the spirit of Evil hates blue so intensely that he flies at the sight of it. Blue also calms the nerves, and it is good for writers to hang their rooms with blue. Red has a most exciting effect, and it should be excluded from the rooms of sick people, as it tends to increase fever. Nature is the best teacher in all these things, and, if one notices one's surroundings in the country, one will see there is no black and very little red, and that blue and yellow are combined in the restful, reviving green.

Yours faithfully,

BRIDGET M. O'REILLY,  
Fellow, Inst. of Journalists.

## REVIEWS.

MR. WELLS'S LATEST RELIGION.

**The Soul of a Bishop: A Novel (with Just a Little Love in It) about Conscience and Religion and The Real Troubles of Life.** By H. G. Wells. Cassell. 6s. net.

MR. WELLS has established a reputation which makes it incumbent on everyone interested in the literature of the day to know what he is doing. He is our best modern example of a class of authors almost peculiar to this country—men of talent, but uneducated. This word we use, not in a denigratory sense, but in that of John Morley: an educated man is one who knows when a statement is proved. Mr. Wells is a foremost champion of "scientific" as opposed to "literary" teaching in our schools and universities, his own "scientific" training, as far as appears, being confined to the biological and experimental sciences—sciences built up of bold assumptions, in which proofs of the simplest causal connections are hailed as triumphs. His phase of books on social, religious, and political questions has, we confess, little interest for us. Mr. Wells's opinions on politics and religion can only have the value we attach to his social outlook, his sound business instinct, and his personal character, of which we know nothing; his prophecies, so far as we have been able to keep track of them, have been unfulfilled. We are solely, however, concerned with his work from the point of view of literature. It is certainly remarkable that the only people among whom literary criticism is at all serious, the French, decline to regard Mr. Wells as a novelist, while they attach great importance to him, not as an imaginative but as a fantastic writer. This is quite intelligible. In the realm of the novel, form and style should be as important as matter, and the laws of form are not laid down afresh for every work or every author, as some moderns seem to think, but are inherent in the subject-matter itself. Now the majority of Mr. Wells's works of fiction are as formless as were those of Dickens himself before he found out that there was such a thing as an art of construction. On the other hand, in purely fantastic tales the author is as free from the greater part of the restraints of form as from those of subject-matter; or rather he lays down implicitly his own criteria of probability, taste, and manners in the largest sense, and here Mr. Wells is at his best.

The course of Mr. Wells's development has now led him to that peculiar product of the middle-class British and American mind—the religious novel. Not, of course, that such a thing is unknown elsewhere, even in France, as witness M. Paul Bourget—to name no others. But M. Bourget, whatever we may think of his thesis and his psychology, has at least an accurate knowledge of his subject. Mr. Wells, whose bent is fantastic rather than imaginative, is, within certain rather narrow limits of experience, a sensitive and accurate recorder of the currents of thought around him. He has been caught up by the high-tide of the revival of religious feeling, and prophesies from it a golden age of universal republican brotherhood, alike in Church and State. The hero of his tale is an Anglican bishop, we suppose to differentiate him from the ordinary clergymen of Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Winston Churchill. The bishop, harassed by the war, and freshly worried by a theological after-dinner discussion in the course of which he has been led into making a foolish observation on an irrelevant and meaningless remark, passes a sleepless night, and is led to consult a physician. This gentleman, an experimental physiologist, supplies him with a mysterious drug which stimulates his brain and brings about a vision of God. Under the influence of this vision he consults with a fellow-bishop, and enlarges on his doubts to a charming lady of high fashion, who accepts the new religion with ardour. A second dose of the drug leads to a scene in his cathedral and the

resignation of his see, while the gratitude of his convert becomes so embarrassing that he is at last driven to renounce her acquaintance, to the relief of his wife and family of daughters, and to settle down for life in a small house in Bayswater. That is the story, written for the sake of half a dozen disquisitions on the gospel according to Mr. Wells.

We do not propose to discuss Mr. Wells's thesis; a large part of what he says has been for years a commonplace with educated people of all classes: but we may be allowed to remark on the workmanship of the book. It is on record that at a performance in a popular theatre a plaintive voice was heard from the gallery saying: "We don't expect art, and we don't expect acting, but you might join your flats." Why did Mr. Wells take as a subject the religious experiences of a devout member of the Church of England, a Bishop, too, when he obviously is unable to imagine the way in which the outward observances and daily duties and privileges of its communion mould the inner life and transform the experience of the Christian? That Mr. Wells should misquote St. Cyprian and attribute to Aristotle—Gracum est, non legitur—a popular saying founded on a dictum of St. Gregory the Great is pardonable; but it is almost too artless to think that a Bishop quoting the New Testament in Greek ("searching his Greek Testament for tags to put to his letters") to a fellow Bishop, is "putting on side," or that the one who receives the letter would construe them "without serious exertion." By the way the habit of Greek quotation in a letter to a friend, though reprehensible in the eyes of a "scientific" man, is not comparable to the writing of "sodium chloride" when "table salt" is meant. These are not similar in content. Mr. Wells seems to have studied the life of a Bishop, from the outside, with considerable assiduity, but he has put his work together so carelessly that, according to his fragmentary chronology, the Bishop's drug-inspired vision and visit to Dr. Likeman must have taken place in Holy Week, in the midst of the preparations for Easter, without one single trace being left in the text of the feelings that season must have evoked in a man so tossed by doubt and uncertainty as the author attempts to describe. Nor is there, in all his long soliloquies, the imprint of the offices which must have become, in such a man, part of his being. Mr. Wells lacks imagination.

As for the mere writing of the book, it is in his usual style, direct, cacophonous, loaded with adjectives. Mr. Wells writes as Mr. Augustus John draws when at his worst—here and there a line exactly right, elsewhere a maze of feeble scrabbings, from which the eye of the beholder is expected to select the true one. As for his cacophony, we believe Mr. Wells would say for himself that he uses a written not a spoken language. Such a sentence as "Only one hint had he had of what was coming" cannot be spoken and is certainly not written. It is one of the disadvantages of a "literary" education that one is pained by such work.

## FICTION IN SAMPLES.

**The Rod of the Snake.** By Vere Shortt and Frances Mathews. The Bodley Head. 6s.  
**The North East Corner.** By John Heron Lepper. Grant Richards. 6s.  
**Beat. A Modern Love Story.** By Mrs. Stanley Wrench. Duckworth & Co. 6s.

EACH of the three books included in the above list in some measure represents a well-established and popular class of fiction. They may, in fact, be respectively defined as a tale of adventure, a political novel, and a love story.

Dual authorship is always a doubtful enterprise, but in the case of 'The Rod of the Snake' there was plainly a cause, and one which has a striking pathos. The originator of the story, Captain Vere Shortt, was killed in the Great Push at Loos, and the half-finished MS. was left for his widow to complete with the aid

of such indications as she had been able to glean *viva voce* from her husband. She has been remarkably successful in avoiding any apparent break of continuity or alteration in style, and the conclusion which she has evolved seems to follow naturally enough on the premisses. Yet certain passages awaken our curiosity as to whether they proceed from a masculine or a feminine brain, especially the Kiplingesque torture scene in Chapter XXII. We note, indeed, throughout more than a hint of Kipling, and traces also of Poe, Grant Allen, and possibly Lytton. But in its main details the theme is new and conceived with a daring and gruesomeness which, even for the jaded reviewer, hold a welcome thrill. As is usual in tales of this sort, the writers are not much concerned with characterisation, or what is loosely known as "atmosphere." The hero, no "plaster saint," but a pattern of courage and chivalry, is an old and valued acquaintance. His lady-love boasts the traditional equipment of beauty, fortune, and a heart of gold, with the strictly modern graces of slang and smoking thrown in to complete the picture. The villainess is uncannily fascinating and her male accomplice a mighty poor fellow. The scene fluctuates between the humours of Irish life and the iridescent corruption of Paris. The result is mildly stimulating, and suggests an agreeable remoteness from everyday experience. The picture on the cover is surely too repellent to serve as a good advertisement.

In spite of the publisher's disclaimer, we were more than half inclined to classify 'The North East Corner' as an historical novel; but, though it deals with a by-gone period, it does not openly introduce the politicians of that period under their own names. It is a long, and in a good sense a solid, book; a book, that is, based upon thorough knowledge of political, social and family life in Ulster a hundred odd years ago. Mr. Lepper is as familiar with the ethics of the polling-booth as with the pleasing custom, always more whole-heartedly observed in Ireland than elsewhere in the British Isles, of sacrificing daughters in the lump to sons. He describes with rare fidelity the coarseness and formality which blended so curiously in the manners of that day, and the dullness often attendant on both. Perhaps it is his very refusal to acquiesce in the popular superstition attributing perennial liveliness to his forebears across the Irish Sea which makes his story a solid rather than a shining piece of literature. He is not always mindful of Besant's advice to keep the "flat times" of his characters out of sight, yet he does not suffer from lack of humour. Perhaps the happiest stroke is the misgiving of the Tory squireen, dismayed at his own boldness in entertaining such a suggestion, whether Roman Catholic tenants obliged to support the Anti-Emancipation candidate were treated with entire fairness. The analogy between the early years of the last century and our own days is nowhere explicitly insisted upon, but it is evidently present to the author's mind, and we are struck by one salient point of difference. Then, as now, our Empire was involved in a life or death struggle. The opposing forces, moreover, were arrayed under a chief of different calibre from the head of the Hohenzollerns. Yet military service was still regarded as a purely professional matter, and Mr. Lepper's pages are crowded with men in the flower of their youth and strength who never contemplate taking up arms. He is no panegyrist of a past age, but he writes in a spirit of sane and sympathetic criticism, and it is this quality as much as any other which gives his work its value.

The sub-title of 'Beat' is fully justified by its contents. Only the heroine of a modern love story would be known by such a hideous abbreviation, and only in a modern love-story should we find recurring mention of white flesh, thick, throbbing voices, and lips of morbid rose. Beat is a Council school teacher, and herself always on the side of the angels, but encumbered with two extraordinarily worthless sisters,

throw-backs, it is implied, to some forgotten ancestry. Moved by a spirit of sacrifice, which is fortunately more common in fiction than in real life, she hands over her own lover to the younger of the pair, who naturally makes him a superlatively bad wife. Marriage with a deceased sister's husband being apparently a family habit, the case would not have been entirely hopeless; but though offered every facility for an early death, the lady in possession prefers permanent invalidism, and Beat and her brother-in-law heroically resign themselves to an indefinitely prolonged future of sick-nursing. The writing is easy and fluent throughout, and some of the minor characters and incidents are drawn with a good deal of skill. The heroine's student experience, in particular, gives a strong impression of reality.

#### ONE WAY OUT.

**The Coming Democracy ('Durch zur Demokratie').**  
By Hermann Fernau. Constable. 6s. net.

READERS of this interesting introduction to the honest aspirations of a German minority not hypnotised by the splendours of the Hohenzollern, by the blood and iron traditions of Bismarck, or by the pan-German cat-call of "*Deutschland über Alles*," should, in fairness to its author, remember that the original appeared more than six months ago, that is to say, before the outbreak of revolution in Russia, and the entry of the United States into the War. Either or both of these epoch-making events must have considerably modified many of Herr Fernau's expressions, but on the whole the foundations of his argument remain unshaken, though, alas, with his countrymen in their present spirit of defiance, much of it is but the fabric of which dreams are made.

It is, however, impossible to read these pages without realising with what fervour Germany should pray to be delivered from her "friends." Here is Fernau, an exile in Switzerland, whom his fellow-Germans across the Rhine are taught to regard as a pariah and renegade, whereas alien champions of the ruling house, like Houston Chamberlain, Sven Hedin and Lasswitz, are held up to the nation as its true friends.

For the most part, Fernau's logic is inexorable, but here and there he is guilty of a curious fallacy, as when, for instance, he holds dynasties exclusively responsible for the horrors of war, and also declares that the ideal of fighting for a fatherland perished with the Greeks. To both statements the wars of the French Revolution furnish a direct negative, since it is common knowledge that the principle of general military service dates from that popular upheaval, and it is hardly to be denied that the sons of France fought for their country, even before they had an Emperor, with an *élan* and a gallantry rarely equalled, and never excelled, in the history of battles.

The spread, or, as Bismarck would have said, the infection of democracy during the past three crowded years is a sign of the times that no autocrat can afford to ignore, and we are, indeed, faced to-day with the glaring anomaly of China, the much-despised stationary China, under republican government, whereas Germany, the boasted champion of culture, is still ruled by mandarins. The explanation is to be sought in the servile German temperament. The German peasant has, in fact, a consuming reverence for titles, from royalty down to the local burgomaster, and he would rather be kicked by Herr Baron than caressed by his equals. This is the spirit which we have to break before we lay down our arms, and in its defeat lies Germany's one hope of salvation from herself. Herr Fernau has made a praiseworthy effort in the direction of a rational propaganda for the emancipation of his deluded countrymen, but it is to be feared that they will prove themselves too refractory pupils for such gentle methods, and that machine-guns and the blockade will alone bring them to their senses.

With damning clearness the author examines the origins of, and responsibility for, Germany's "defensive" war. If, he asks, it was brought about by Austria's ultimatum to Servia, why did not Austria declare an ultimatum against Italy in 1898, when an Italian assassinated its Empress? If, again, Germany felt compelled to go to war with Russia because the latter had declared war on Austria, why not with Italy when, nine months later, she also came in against Austria? As for the alleged French bombs on Nuremberg, even German official circles have since admitted that this canard was but a repetition of the Ems telegram of the last war.

The fiction of the "war of defence" is contemptuously dismissed by Herr Fernau. "No war of modern days," he writes, "has ever borne the stamp of a war of conquest more unmistakably than that which Germany, on 1 August 1914, embarked upon against one half of the world."

In his impassioned plea for the German democracy to find itself and right itself with the civilised world the author examines at some length the purely monarchical foundations of the German constitution, with its total dependence on the sovereign decision of the Kaiser and with a Reichstag that, as it obediently listens to the Byzantine utterances of its President, is nothing more than a debating society. As for the army, which, under present conditions, holds the key to the situation, it is not national, but feudal, and only the ovine German taxpayer imagines for one moment that its supreme duty is anything else than the defence of the dynasty.

Until, therefore, Germany will listen to the voice of reason (or of cannon) and free itself, we shall see a people of seventy millions (less some little wear and tear by war) submitting to the rule of a family that has ever been on the side of might, ignoring the claims of right, from the "Grapeshot Prince" of 1848 down to that ignoble caricature of royalty who, even confronted with the hecatombs of his gallant dead at Verdun, still babbles of the fun of "brisk and joyful war"!

The Hohenzollern view of its subject millions is that of Hegel: "The people is that portion of the State that does not know what it wants." It must be confessed that the slavish submission of the German nation to the selfishness of rulers who dream only of world power has afforded some justification for this doctrine; but Herr Fernau dreams of the day when his countrymen shall throw off the spell of Kaiserdom and govern themselves on democratic lines. We also believe, with him, that such a day is dawning for Germany, but we fear that it will be a long dawn before, out of the smoke and reek of battle, the sun shines once more on the new Germany that has freed itself from the base traditions of a class that, having drawn the sword, shall surely perish by it.

#### PROGRESS AND PREHISTORICS.

**Modern Man and His Forerunners.** By H. G. F. Spurrell. Bell. 7s. 6d. net.

"YOU wish to study anthropology at first hand?" says the professor in the story. "Then marry a wife; or, if you cannot afford it, buy a monkey." Mr. Spurrell has kept galagos in West Africa, and, by way of contrast, marmosets in South America. He likewise had a cercopithecus, and, most interesting of all, a chimpanzee. The latter, when hungry, would bang her tin plate on the ground and hold it out like a beggar demanding alms. When a finger would not serve to relieve some irritation deep within the ear, she deftly inserted a small twig. Knots were no puzzle to Mr. Spurrell's monkeys, which could soon untie any rope whereby he sought to curtail their movements. Not only would they wrap themselves up in a blanket, but they also tried to run about with the blanket round their shoulders. They quickly learnt to appreciate a fire, and even, in special cases, to light matches. The

author notes too how a monkey belonging to a caravan will, if not otherwise provided for, arrange to make its journey on the back of a dog or sheep or other animal not likely to stray from the main body. Again, he comments on the high degree of social organisation prevailing among the baboons. Altogether, such simian anticipations of human culture show clearly enough how by age-long evolution we have become what we are. Man, in a word, is the versatile animal. Discoursing on the zoological position of man, in what is perhaps his best chapter, Mr. Spurrell points out that, as regards bodily structure, we are by no means rich in special adjustments, but on the contrary are of primitive pattern throughout. So, to make up for his physical deficiencies, man had to abound in clever devices. "The three opportunities of the human race," according to Mr. Spurrell, were a social system, domestic animals and tools. On his view "all three were developed simultaneously, if slowly and unevenly." This is a little hard to follow. The domestication of animals, as well as the domestication of plants, which deserves equal recognition as a main factor in human progress, must surely be regarded as a relatively late achievement on the part of man as compared with his use of mechanical appliances or of his own collective powers. It is true that Piette thought that he could detect signs of harness on the heads of some of the horses and reindeer depicted by the cave-artists of the late Palaeolithic period; but it is now generally agreed that the lines indicate the facial musculature, more especially seeing how the Greek sculptor tends to emphasise this feature in his horses' heads. As for the dog, it first appears in the Danish kitchen-middens, unless the jackal-like creatures are dogs which accompany the naked bowmen in the Magdalenian wall-painting recently discovered at Alpera in Spain. For the rest the Australian aborigines, who had the dingo, it is true, but made little practical use of it, were otherwise without domesticated animals or plants, and yet in the matter of social organisation or of mechanical art and appliances were marvellously advanced after a fashion of their own.

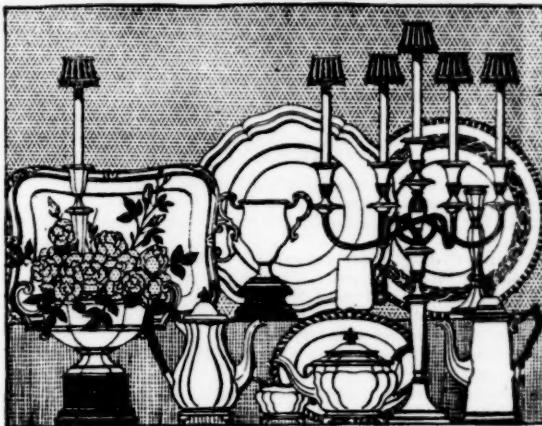
To revert to the subject of man's physical shortcomings, Mr. Spurrell draws a sharp line between Neanderthal man and "modern man." The former, he thinks, belonged to a different species, which is now extinct, and represented a "heavy" type, whereas modern man includes various types that are one and all "light"; a similar differentiation into heavy and light forms being characteristic of the apes. To bring home this difference in build, Mr. Spurrell invites us to consider what would happen if a Neanderthal man, with his sloping forehead and projecting brows and jaws, with neck thrust forward, and massive figure curving and slouched, were to present himself amongst us. "It would not be easy to clothe him with ready-made garments of stock shapes and sizes, and he would probably create a sensation if he appeared suddenly in a London street." On the other hand, as for the modern kind of man, "so little has the type changed in the last two hundred thousand years or so, that an individual whose bones have been unearthed from pleistocene deposits might, were he alive to-day, be taken to shops in Mile End Road and fitted out with ready-made clothes, boots, gloves, and a hat, all from stock sizes. In these he could probably walk up Leadenhall Street to the Bank, and on down Fleet Street and the Strand to Charing Cross, without attracting more attention from the crowd, which now takes aliens for granted, than would a modern negro or Chinaman." The fossil man of modern type to whom Dr. Spurrell is alluding here is doubtless the Galley Hill individual for whose very questionable age he allows Dr. Keith to go bail. Meanwhile, whatever be the earliest appearance of this type, it is certainly ancient. How comes it, then, that the stronger kind of man, with a brain-case at least as capacious, was eliminated, it would seem utterly and completely, in the struggle for existence? Dr. Spurrell suggests that his very strength was his weakness—that, being

physically too self-sufficient, he remained comparatively solitary and unsocial. It may be so, though the state of his habitations—as, for instance, the cave in course of excavation in Jersey, where more than ten thousand of his flint implements have been recovered from a mass of hearth-deposits ten feet thick—does not preclude the notion of convivial evenings round the fire.

Anyway, whether Neanderthal man was too unsocial to survive or not, the modern type of man has attained to the highly socialised condition that we term civilisation. How this has come about Dr. Spurrell tries to explain, but we do not find him convincing. For instance, his chapter on the growth of human power and numbers during the neolithic age is a mere tissue of priorities. If we are to speculate freely, let us at least set forth from such facts as are available. Hardly more convincing is his account of what civilisation is when achieved. He maintains that the condition of man under civilisation is comparatively uniform. "Civilisations are entities which arise, grow, mature, decay, and are succeeded, not renewed; and the later civilisations differ amazingly little in essentials, details, or destiny from the earliest." They arise when a virile race of conquerors makes use of a subject population to exploit a rich region of the earth. In time the masters themselves become slaves to the system, and, initiative being lost, the serfs become recalcitrant and chaos returns. We cannot but suspect that pessimism caused by the War rather than biological or archaeological research is at the bottom of a view which supposes modern civilisation to be in its downward phase. Doubtless men are in some respects like monkeys, which love to tear everything to tatters; but only half-truths are to be reached by contemplating man solely from the standpoint of his biological past.

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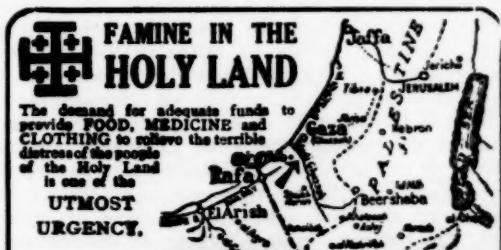
#### TERRIBLE NEWS from Syria—

##### 4.—Lack of Medicines, Grain and Fuel.

All advices from Syria tell of an utter lack of medicines. The daughter of a prominent man has been ill with dysentery for two months, but not a drop of medicine of any kind is in the city of Beirut.

The grain crop was good this year, but most of it—all of it, in fact—has been taken over by the Government, a large part sent to feed Turkey's Allies, the remainder being sold back to the Syrians at prohibitive prices.

There is no fuel in the land save charcoal. The railways were run by coal from Europe; but, since the war began, not an engine has reached the country. Hence a train a week for military purposes runs between Beirut and Damascus. The engine is fed on the wood of the very few trees, and the last word from there says the people had been ordered to cut down their fruit trees for the engine.



**£300,000 WANTED**

(of which £50,000 is needed at once).

A strong administrative committee is at work. **CONSIGNMENTS OF FOOD, MEDICINE & CLOTHING ARE NOW ENTERING PALESTINE**, and goods stored in Egypt will continue to be poured into the country as further access is obtained. Relief will be given to all—Christian, Jew and Arab alike—according to their need.

Please send your **DONATION** to-day to the Secretary, Syria and Palestine Relief Fund, 110 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1.; or to J. F. W. Deacon, Esq. (Hon. Treas.), Williams Deacon's Bank, Ltd., 20 Grosvenor Lane, E.C.3. Chairman (London), Lieut.-Col. Sir Henry MacMahon, G.C.M.G., G.C. (late High Commissioner in Egypt).

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## THE CITY.

WITH the exception of the Broken Hill Proprietary Co., Ltd., whose shares have been largely held and dealt in on this side, comparatively little is known of the leading producers on the Barrier, the name by which the Broken Hill group of mines in New South Wales is generally known. The two most important are the North and South, and it is our intention to give a few facts and figures concerning the former.

Labour troubles, and, consequently, a decreased output, have militated against the resources of the mine being exploited to their full extent; but, in spite of these adverse factors, the results have shown constantly increasing profits by virtue of the enhanced price of metals. War conditions have naturally increased cost of production—still on the upgrade—but there is no reason to suppose that—when normal conditions are re-established—the company will not continue to pay the same dividends as it has in the past, seeing that during 1913 and 1914, before the outbreak of the war, when metals were at normal prices, the company paid £330,000 in dividends.

The result of operations for the half-year to June 30 last, advised by cable, is as follows:—111,290 tons of concentrates were treated for a production of 22,045 tons of lead concentrates, as against 117,190 tons treated in the previous half-year for a production of 23,123 tons of lead concentrates; working costs are 22s. 5d., against 21s. 10d. Despite this, the working profit for the half-year ending June 30 is £11,600 higher. Included in the surplus assets is £100,000 on deposit with the Associated Smelters.

The profits, dividends, and reserves of the company since its reconstruction in 1913 are as follows:—

	Profits.	Dividends.	Reserves.
	£	Per Cent.	£
June 1913	142,018	20	78,753
Dec., "	152,590	40	109,424
June 1914	183,845	50	143,269
Dec. "	56,216	nil	199,485
June 1915	75,724	10	245,209
Dec. "	169,201	40	294,410
June 1916	142,092	40	316,502
Dec. "	164,201	40	367,944
June 1917	175,834	40	—

Good though these results look, they are actually much better. The final settlements for the concentrates supplied to the Associated Smelters, in which this company has a £200,000 interest, have not been made yet. The production for the half-year, ending December 1916, is taken into the accounts at 90 per cent. of the gross pro forma value with lead at £25 per ton, and silver at 2s. per ounce.

Doubtless, some of the 10 per cent. will be recovered, and as lead has not been below £30 per ton, and silver well over 3s. per ounce during the period under discussion, there is bound to be a very considerable surplus to come from the output ending December 1916. It is not clear from the cabled report to hand whether this has been included in the revenue for the past half-year.

To get a true insight into the extraordinarily strong position of the company, it might be well to study the following figures:—

	June, 1915.	June, 1916.	Dec., 1916.
Assets, apart from mine and plant	£596,913	£643,253	£705,910
Liabilities	£272,677	£250,098	£263,556

£324,236 £393,155 £442,354

The £705,910 of assets, other than mine and plant, include the £200,000 interest in the Associated Smelters (at par), £132,005 sundry debtors, and £351,675 in deposits and War Loan.

It will be seen from the above figures that in the 18 months to end December 1916 the mine has paid £360,000 in dividends, paid for all additions to plant, and put by £118,118.

We now come to the ore reserves. The quantity of ore available for stoping above the 1,400 ft. level is estimated at 2,850,000 tons, or sufficient to keep the mill running for 11 years. How much deeper the lode can be worked it is impossible to say—but the ore body at the lowest level is very massive, and the metal contents better than in any other part of the mine.

Capital: £600,000, in shares of £1 each.

Present price, 2*½*. Dividend, 40 per cent. per annum.

## IN THE MATTER OF THE WEST STRAND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

In pursuance of Section 188 of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, a meeting of the creditors of the above-named company will be held at 10 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, on Friday, 28 September, 1917, at 2 p.m., for the purposes provided for in the said section.

Dated 20 September 1917.

THOMAS DAY,  
Liquidator.

NOTE.—The above meeting is convened in formal compliance with the provisions of the (Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, but the winding-up of the above-named company is solely with a view to reconstruction, and the new company, "The Saturday Review, Limited," which has been formed to acquire the undertaking and assets of the above-named company, will discharge all its liabilities in due course.